

OUR EXPORTS.

A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* is in raptures at the letter of Mr. Hudson, of Massachusetts, to Mr. Gentry, of Tennessee. He says:

"If Charles Hudson, of Westminster, be the member of Congress from Massachusetts, his letter happens to know from the right source that he is among the advocates of the cause of the age in the resources of the country, its agriculture, manufactures, &c., and he therefore knows, as all practical men know, or should know, that we have never had nor ever will have, any permanent good markets for the products of our soil, excepting our own home markets. Time, that silent inator, will easily establish this point."

Time, that silent inator,⁷ has established a very different position. Our annual exports average over a hundred millions, and they are chiefly composed of the products of the soil. It must be a pretty "good market" in which the soil amount finds purchasers.

One feature of our export trade is particularly gratifying—we mean the increasing demand abroad for the productions of free labor. "It appears," says the *Journal of Commerce*, "that of the exports of domestic products and manufactures for the year 1845, 45 per cent. is from the Northern States; that the excess of the exports of the South over the North in 1845, was \$31,000,000; in 1846, only \$14,000,000; that, in 1845, the exports were 66 per cent. of the whole, of the North, 34 per cent.; and that, in 1846, the exports of the South were 57 per cent., of the North, 43."

The comparative table in the *Journal of Commerce* we subjoin; it is useful for purposes of reference:

"Exports for the years 1845 and 1846, classified."

Articles.	North.	South.
Sea	\$4,500,000	1845.
Skins and furs	1,400,000	
Forest	3,300,000	\$1,800,000
Product of animals	6,200,000	
Vegetable food	6,800,000	3,900,000
Tobacco	8,000,000	5,700,000
Cotton	—	—
Manufactures	9,300,000	
Lead	—	340,000
Wool	—	Not enumerated
	2,000,000	450,000
	33,910,000	55,180,000
	33,940,000	33,940,000
	31,240,000	
	1846.	
Sea	3,400,000	
Skins and furs	2,400,000	
Forest	3,300,000	2,000,000
Product of animals	7,800,000	
Vegetable food	15,400,000	4,000,000
Tobacco	9,100,000	
Cotton	—	42,700,000
Manufactures	8,500,000	
Lead	600,000	
Wool	200,000	
Not enumerated	2,300,000	500,000
	44,200,000	58,300,000
	44,200,000	44,200,000
	14,100,000	

"In the above table we have used round numbers, which is sufficiently accurate for all common purposes."

"The export of Northern produce the present year is the greatest that ever. If the increase of 1847 exceed that of 1846, it will exceed 1846, and all probability the exports of the Northern States will exceed those of the Southern."

It will be observed, that the increase in free-labor products has taken place in metals and bread-stuffs, while in the export of manufactures and the products of the sea there has been a falling off. This falling off, is, no doubt, temporary. The exportation of our manufactures will steadily increase, but not with such rapidity or to such an extent as that of our vegetable and animal products."

The man who, in view of all these facts, can see nothing valuable in a foreign market, must be laboring under a remarkable delusion.

"The "Southern" an excellent paper published at Richmond, Virginia, commenting on the table of exports, says as follows:

"It presents a lesson to us of the South that we ought to heed. Most of our products are raised for foreign markets; yet it seems that the difference between the North and the South in their foreign exports is only \$14,000,000 in our favor. It should be remembered that we have the Arctic and Western Seas, annually, not less than \$375,000,000 for ships, agriculture of all kinds (except cotton and rice), and for manufactures; while the North sends away to foreign States, but sides not \$14,000,000 less per year than we do?"

T. K. J.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE ADMINISTRATION AND GEN. TAYLOR.

We have carefully read so much of the correspondence between Gen. Taylor and the Administration as has been published in the *Washington Union*, but have been unable to see what peculiar advantage either party can derive from it. There seems to have been entire harmony between the President and Gen. Taylor in all points, except one—the correspondence directly opened by the Department of War with Gen. Patterson, a subordinate officer. The commanding general, being responsible for the army and its operations, very properly protested against the instructions communicated by Secretary Marcy directly to Gen. Patterson; nor do we think that the Secretary succeeded in his attempt to justify such interference.

As to Gen. Taylor's complaint of a want of supplies and means of transportation, there can be no doubt, that he suffered a great deal of inconvenience from this source; but neither the Administration nor the Quartermaster appears to have been blamed worthy.

Were the war one strictly of defense against unjust aggression, we should say that the correspondence was highly honorable to all parties; but, unwilling to speak in commendatory terms respecting any part of what we regard as a most unjust, aggressive movement against a sister republic, we can only say that the Administration, Commanding General, and all subordinates, have displayed a vigor, real, and consistency of action, which would have been highly praiseworthy if put forth in support of a righteous movement. How deplorable that such conduct should have been wasted, and, whenever, should have been destroyed—most shamefully—prostituted, in a war of conquest for slavery!

HATTY.

The correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, writing from Hayti, March 9th, states that FAUSTIN SOLOUQUE, a general officer, aged 50, well esteemed, of good character, and distinguished for his courage, has been elected President of the island by the Senate.

Why is it that Hayti is no longer torn by intestine dissensions? When Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of State, the whole island was in communion with wars and revolutions. This Government had a secret mission there, and we heard a great deal about a white republic in one end of the island, and the prospective necessity of reducing to a condition of vassalage the blacks in the other end. Now, there is peace. The grand white republic has faded from view. Where is it? Nowhere. It never was an existence. It was a convenient fiction, if we understand it, fabricated for the purpose of securing some of our destiny-folk a foothold in Hayti, that they might play the same game there which has been enacted on a large theatre in Texas.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received, and intend to notice next week, the following publications:

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED AND PICTORIAL SHAPESHARE. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Frank Taylor, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for March, New York: Longman Scott & Co. For sale by W. Adam, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Harper & Brothers. For sale by Frank Taylor, Washington.

THE LAW REPORTER, for April. Boston: Bradbury & Evans.

HAROLD'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Frank Taylor, Washington.

LITTLELL'S LIVING AGE. Boston: Littlell & Co.

Yankee Doodle.—We always welcome *Yankee Doodle*; nobody can resist his jokes. His cuts, whether in the poetical or prose line, are admirable. He is in most respects equal to his elder brother *Punch*—in some his superior. *Yankee Doodle* is decidedly progressive.

For the National Era.

CRONWELL'S CLOCK.

Lessons on viewing an old clock which once belonged to Oliver Cromwell, now in the possession of the Philadelphian Library Company.

The smeltest feature of this age is the practical infidelity of our public men. If they in whose hands the management of the national affairs has been placed had been more fearing God and hating covetousness, this world, with its bloodsheds and wide-spread desolations, instead of being a field of trial in evanescent, never would have occurred, to blot the hopes of freedom in this Western world, and provide the majesty of Heaven to deliver the few admiring. "Shall I not visit upon the earth a judgment?" said the Lord. The Christian man and woman of America avails not a livey sense of the duties of citizenship. Whilst burning with sectarian zeal for the diffusion of particular creeds at home and in foreign parts, have not many forgot their household duties; and yesterdays past, to the shame of the republic, when the enemy has come in like a flood, they have failed to lift up a standard against him?

The following advertisement appeared in the paper in the early part of last week:

"Popish Confession any *Priestcraft Exposed*—Rev. E. Lester (a Monk of La Trappe) will lecture on Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the hall of the New York Society, 260 Broadway, on *Salisbury, or the Devil, sine damnationem*."

"The lecture will be illustrated by a number of original documents, and will be followed by a question and answer session."

"The speaker will be the Rev. Mr. Lester, of the *Salisbury* and *Wetheral* parishes, who has recently returned from a tour of travel in Europe."

"I see that as each moment knelled by the un pitying chimes, God found a tomb in the dark, and that of *resting of time*."

"The *Christian Standard* from New York, has a sketch of the *King of Kings and Lord of lords* he brought:

"He brought the puritan, that God's own day was but a little more than the prisoner's hand, his just peccat; and as of coming judgment and of righteousness he spake."

"The message of the *Salisbury* is, that of *Marston* on

"I see gloomy moment, when the dying Haupauer's prayer was to come to future, 'Oh, God! my country'

"Alas! the noble patriot fell before his work was done, and his bones were scattered in the earth."

"I see the day, the fatal day, when on the nation's head

"Was *handed a curse, for every drop that England's blood*

"Was wrung from the hand of the Lord."

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THE NATIONAL ERA.

For the National Era.
PORTRAITS FOR THE PEOPLE.
BY JOHN SMITH THE YOUNGER.

No. 9.

THE PRIVATE CLAIMANT.

It's o'er! that bad change when you saw me last; And when you left me, I was in a fever, and, Have written strange defections in my face; But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

A strange caravansary is a Washington boarding house at times! The very atmosphere of the place is peculiar. As you push open the door, after vainly essaying the bell, which, like the smooth face of the hypocrite, has connection with the interior, you become sensible of an odor strongly suggestive of the mysterious rites of the kitchen, and the nightly horrors of three in a bed. As you pass through the darkened hall, you catch a glimpse of a long, narrow table, covered with indescribably dirty linen, and that ubiquitous personage, "the waiter," very diligently engaged at the sideboard in wiping the plates and checking the perspiration, with a napkin which saucousness era has been, it is evident, exactly coeval with that of the tablecloth. Rushing up the staircase, in order to escape from the awful effluvia which ascend from the regions below, you may not have time to observe that the carpet is worn to tatters by the feet of the numerous inmates, like the stones at Lough Derg by the knees of the pilgrims, unless you may be tripped up at the first landing, and so be compelled to pay homage to that miracle of consistency in the city of Washington—the dust-covered clock, which from time immemorial has indicated the hour of five.

Proceeding still farther, you have hurried visions of piles of public documents, heaped up in rooms where strange-looking figures, seated on unclean beds and dusky soffits, are fiercely smoking the vilest cigars; of slumped women, with hair in paper, peering at you as you pass, hand upon the half-closed door, and the other carefully veiling their charms from the profane gaze of the stranger; of squalling children, with swollen eyes and tiny arms, twisting and writhing in the arms of gin-loving "nurses;" whilst at every step your ears are assailed by the confused sounds produced by eight-and-forty human beings scolding, shouting, laughing, talking, screaming, singing, swearing, so that you are sick at heart, sick at stomach, and utterly bewildered, by the time you reach the fourth landing, and there, in a miserable apartment, eight feet by ten, find Mr. Benjamin Mudge, one of the most reprehensible of those terrors of Congressmen, denominated "Private Claimants."

The first thing that strikes you in Mudge is that indescribable air which distinguishes the gentleman at large, who lives upon his means, and which had such charms in the eyes of young Clutterbuck, as he contemplated the enviable Captain Doolittle. But Mudge is by no means in such good feather as that eminent personage. The truth is, Mudge is exceedingly shabby. Not that the thought of that gives him the least trouble. He has long since passed through the acute stage of the destructive process called seediness, and now exhibits the most exemplary disregard of all paltry considerations touching the state of his raiment. Mudge has a round, fat, good-humored face, was never known to injure a human being, and conveys the sum total of mortal enjoyment to consist in an unlimited supply of beer and tobacco. And yet hundreds of respectable gentlemen can testify to the extraordinary genius of Mudge.

Mudge became one of Uncle Sam's creditors when his uncle, old John Van Waggon, assigned him, on his death-bed, a share in a claim against the Federal Government, amounting to twenty-six thousand dollars, which had been created during the last war with Great Britain, and been in abeyance ever since. Benjamin immediately started for Washington, in order to prosecute the claim. His first step was to pack out one Mr. Madison, an office-holder from his native district, who possessed, he was told, a vast deal of influence at the seat of Government.

The afternoon in question, Mr. Slunk was seated, with his two sons, in front of a log fire in one of the three or four log-cabins in various parts of the country, in front of one of the taverns on the Avenue, smoking "long nines," and making very merry on account of some signal successful maneuver that day at the Capitol.

"It takes you, Snorter, it does!" said one of the party, a burly savage, with enormous whiskers, who was evidently a bushwhacker. "I guess 'Old Sledge' feels pretty considerably up to it."

"Saved his right!" exclaimed another, knocking the ashes of his cigar. "I tell you the critter was struck all of a heap," retorted Snorter, a compact, middle-aged man, with little red eyes set deeply in his head, now spread out on his cheeks like a pancake, and a lower jaw huge and massive as that with which Samson smote the Philistines. "I thought to come the old game on this child, but it was no go. In our part of the country we're accustomed to get up toads to say 'tis."

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Proceeding still farther, you have hurried visions of piles of public documents, heaped up in rooms where strange-looking figures, seated on unclean beds and dusky soffits, are fiercely smoking the vilest cigars; of slumped women, with hair in paper, peering at you as you pass, hand upon the half-closed door, and the other carefully veiling their charms from the profane gaze of the stranger; of squalling children, with swollen eyes and tiny arms, twisting and writhing in the arms of gin-loving "nurses;" whilst at every step your ears are assailed by the confused sounds produced by eight-and-forty human beings scolding, shouting, laughing, talking, screaming, singing, swearing, so that you are sick at heart, sick at stomach, and utterly bewildered, by the time you reach the fourth landing, and there, in a miserable apartment, eight feet by ten, find Mr. Benjamin Mudge, one of the most reprehensible of those terrors of Congressmen, denominated "Private Claimants."

The first thing that strikes you in Mudge is that indescribable air which distinguishes the gentleman at large, who lives upon his means, and which had such charms in the eyes of young Clutterbuck, as he contemplated the enviable Captain Doolittle. But Mudge is by no means in such good feather as that eminent personage. The truth is, Mudge is exceedingly shabby. Not that the thought of that gives him the least trouble. He has long since passed through the acute stage of the destructive process called seediness, and now exhibits the most exemplary disregard of all paltry considerations touching the state of his raiment. Mudge has a round, fat, good-humored face, was never known to injure a human being, and conveys the sum total of mortal enjoyment to consist in an unlimited supply of beer and tobacco. And yet hundreds of respectable gentlemen can testify to the extraordinary genius of Mudge.

Mudge became one of Uncle Sam's creditors when his uncle, old John Van Waggon, assigned him, on his death-bed, a share in a claim against the Federal Government, amounting to twenty-six thousand dollars, which had been created during the last war with Great Britain, and been in abeyance ever since. Benjamin immediately started for Washington, in order to prosecute the claim. His first step was to pack out one Mr. Madison, an office-holder from his native district, who possessed, he was told, a vast deal of influence at the seat of Government.

The afternoon in question, Mr. Slunk was seated, with his two sons, in front of a log fire in one of the three or four log-cabins in various parts of the country, in front of one of the taverns on the Avenue, smoking "long nines," and making very merry on account of some signal successful maneuver that day at the Capitol.

"It takes you, Snorter, it does!" said one of the party, a burly savage, with enormous whiskers, who was evidently a bushwhacker. "I guess 'Old Sledge' feels pretty considerably up to it."

"Saved his right!" exclaimed another, knocking the ashes of his cigar. "I tell you the critter was struck all of a heap," retorted Snorter, a compact, middle-aged man, with little red eyes set deeply in his head, now spread out on his cheeks like a pancake, and a lower jaw huge and massive as that with which Samson smote the Philistines. "I thought to come the old game on this child, but it was no go. In our part of the country we're accustomed to get up toads to say 'tis."

"The two gentlemen then helped themselves liberally from the bottle of brandy.

"That's the ticket," continued Slunk. "Now for business. I have spoken to Keen about your claim. He'll put it through for a hundred dollars cash and ten per cent. on the bill's passage. I advise you, Mr. Snorter, to take his hands. He's an honest man, I assure you, and I would trust him with my own brother."

"You know best," said Mudge. "I'm agreeable."

"To be continued."

For the National Era.
PORTRAITS FOR THE PEOPLE.
BY JOHN SMITH THE YOUNGER.

No. 9.

THE PRIVATE CLAIMANT.

It's o'er! that bad change when you saw me last; And when you left me, I was in a fever, and, Have written strange defections in my face; But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

A strange caravansary is a Washington boarding house at times! The very atmosphere of the place is peculiar. As you push open the door, after vainly essaying the bell, which, like the smooth face of the hypocrite, has connection with the interior, you become sensible of an odor strongly suggestive of the mysterious rites of the kitchen, and the nightly horrors of three in a bed. As you pass through the darkened hall, you catch a glimpse of a long, narrow table, covered with indescribably dirty linen, and that ubiquitous personage, "the waiter," very diligently engaged at the sideboard in wiping the plates and checking the perspiration, with a napkin which saucousness era has been, it is evident, exactly coeval with that of the tablecloth. Rushing up the staircase, in order to escape from the awful effluvia which ascend from the regions below, you may not have time to observe that the carpet is worn to tatters by the feet of the numerous inmates, like the stones at Lough Derg by the knees of the pilgrims, unless you may be tripped up at the first landing, and so be compelled to pay homage to that miracle of consistency in the city of Washington—the dust-covered clock, which from time immemorial has indicated the hour of five.

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No. 9.

THE PRIVATE CLAIMANT.

For! O! brief hath changed since you saw me last; And since I left you, many a change has past; But tell me yet, dost not know in my voice?

Comedy of Errors.

A strange caravansary is a Washington boarding house at times! The very atmosphere of the place is peculiar. As you push open the door, after vainly essaying the bell, which, like the smooth face of the hypocrite, has no connection with the interior, you become sensible of an odor strongly suggestive of the mysterious rites of the kitchen, and the nightly horrors of three in a bed. As you pass through the darkened hall, you catch a glimpse of a long, narrow table, covered with indescribably dirty linen, and that ubiquitous personage, "the waiter," very diligently engaged at the sideboard in wiping the plates and checking the perspiration, with a napkin whose saponaceous era has been, it is evident, exactly coeval with that of the tablecloth. Rushing up the staircase, in order to escape from the awful effluvia which ascend from the regions below, you may not have time to observe that the carpet is worn to tatters by the feet of the numerous inmates, like the stones at Lough Derg by the knees of the pilgrims, unless you may be tripped up at the first landing, and so be compelled to pay homage to that miracle of consistency in the city of Washington—the dust-covered clock, which from time immemorial has indicated the hour of five.

Proceeding still farther, you have hurried visions of piles of public documents, heaped up in rooms where strange-looking figures, seated on unclean beds and dusty sofas, are fiercely smoking the vilest cigars; of slip-shod women, with hair in paper, peering at you as you pass, one hand upon the half-closed door, and the other carefully veiling their charms from the profane gaze of the stranger; of squalling children, with swollen eyes and tiny fingers twisting and writhing in the arms of gin-loving "nurses," whilst at every step your ears are assailed by the confused sound produced by eight-and-forty human beings scolding, shouting, laughing, talking, screaming, singing, swearing; so that you are sick at heart, sick at stomach, and utterly bewildered, when you reach the fourth landing, and there, in a miserable apartment, eight feet by ten, find Mr. Benjamin Mudge, one of the most redoubtable of those horrors of Congressmen, denominated "Private Claimants."

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Mudge became one of Uncle Sam's creditors when his uncle, old John Van Waggon, engaged him on his death-bed, a shave in a chair, against the Federal Government, amounting to twenty-six thousand dollars, which had been created during the last war with Great Britain, and been in abeyance ever since. Benjamin immediately started for Washington, in order to prosecute the claim. His son, Slunk, an officer-holder from his native district, who possessed, he was told, a vast deal of influence at the seat of Government.

On the afternoon in question, Mr. Slunk was seated, with his half dozen members of the House, and three or four senators, from various parts of the country, in front of a fire on taverns on the Avenue, smoking "long-nights," and making very merry on account of some signal success maneuver that day at the Capitol.

"It takes you, Snorter," said one of the party, a burly savage, with enormous whiskers, who was evidently a member of the "Old Guard."

"Saved him right!" exclaimed another, knocking the ashes of his cigar.

"I tell you the critter was struck all of a heap," retorted the other, a middle-aged man, with little red eyes set close together, and a nose spread out on his cheeks like a pancake, and a lower jaw huge and massive as that with which Samson smote the Philistines. "He thought to come the old game on this child, but it was no go."

"That's the ticket," continued Slunk, making a desperate effort to arise from the bed.

"He lengthened success, and staggering to the bell-rope, paid it with violence. A black boy an-

"Some suds-water, you rascal!"

"Yes, mass; here's some. Massa May'll

knowed what the geman wanted in de morning,"

but as to the how or wherefore of the process by

which he had been relieved of his funds, he re-

ferred to the man who had been instrumental in

endeavoring to arrest him in his mind the par-

ticulars of the last night's adventures, in which

Slunk appeared to figure conspicuously, that per-

son entered the apartment, and loudly greeted

his friend.

"How! my boy; not up yet? Why, I've had my eyes open for an hour ago!" he exclaimed. "How do you feel?"

"Yah! rasher shah!" returned Mudge, mak-

ing a desperate effort to arise from the bed.

"He lengthened success, and staggering to the bell-rope, paid it with violence. A black boy an-

"Stop!" shouted Slunk. "Fetch the brandy,

quick. Mudge, you're not so green as to take

that stuff without some of the ardor!"

"How you do stand it, Slunk?" exclaimed the

surprised Mudge.

"Yes, my boy. There's Wiggins was dibbled

you to the bone, and I'll stand ten to one, and yet here I am, bright as a dollar!" And Slunk very complacently regarded himself in the glass.

"How is it you keep on the man with his eyes?" asked Mudge, shaking like aspen.

"I am never thirsty to eat fat; therefore, as you see, I am tough as a boulder, and could eat a jack and a hamper of greens. But here's the stuff!"

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